

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVIII.

STANFORD KY., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1890.

NO. 87

## LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—The junior set gave a very enjoyable dance at the Spencer Hotel Friday night.

—Our merchants report the sales of Christmas goods as very good, considering the hard times and scarcity of money.

—The damage to fruit and shade trees in this locality is very great. Several sidewalks are blocked with the fallen timber, while the park in the center of the square looks as though a cyclone had struck it.

—Col. W. G. Dunlap, of Camp Nelson, was here Sunday. Eph Brown spent a few days seeing the sights of Cincinnati last week. Mr. Wade Bush, now of St. Louis, is visiting his father on Richmond street. Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Reid are visiting his parents this week. Mr. Tink Anderson, of Brookhead, spent the holidays with his numerous friends here.

—Mr. Tom Boyd, of Cincinnati, and Miss Minnie Bettis, the handsome daughter of Mr. George Bettis, the depot agent at this place, eloped to Cincinnati Thursday night and were married. Mr. Boyd came here several months ago to work as telegraph operator for Mr. Bettis. The objection to the marriage was the tender age of Miss Bettis, she being in her 16th year. They have our best wishes for a long and happy life.

—One of the most enjoyable social events of the holidays was the party given Thursday evening by Miss Mamie Curry in honor of her guests, Misses Hagan and Crutcher, of Richmond, and Taylor, of Cincinnati. Among those present were Misses Maud Robinson, Ada Farra, Sue Herring, Ollie and Nell Marrs, Ora Wilmore, Mary, Mag and Jane Walker, Pattie Benzley, Fannie West, Althea Marksbury, Mariah Cook, Juliet Gill, Lula Batson, Lettie Brown, Theo. Hemphill. The young gentlemen were Messrs. Tevis, Doty, Farns, J. and F. Robinson, J. and W. Walker, Tribbs, J. and R. West, Denny, Cook, G. and A. Frank, Taylor, of Cincinnati, Lear, Denny, of Danville, Batson, Bradford, Anderson and others.

With the face of the earth covered with snow, the trees bending and breaking under the weight of ice with which they are bound, with trains delayed and telegraphs down, cut off from the main body and without pontoons, how can a correspondent be expected to furnish an item of news for a paper, especially one of the wide-awake sort of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*? The vigilant journalist might draw upon his imagination for his facts if, under the circumstances, he could be supposed to have an imagination. As it is, we can thank the Giver of all good that matters are no worse than they are, and be grateful for what we have received during the year that is about to close, looking forward to the new with renewed hopes and bright anticipations.

The present stringency in the money market has in one respect, at least, done some good. It has caused the people everywhere to be more economical. This, to say the least of it, will prove beneficial in the end, and as experience is the best of teachers, it may be that in the future more care will be exercised by the public generally in endeavoring to live within their means. This economy upon the part of the people will force the dealers who, in anticipation of the passage of the McKinley bill, laid in large supplies of staples that were regarded as indispensable, with a view to extorting from the masses and making enormous profits, to dispose of their goods at reasonable rates. If now the farmers can be enabled to realize a just price for their corn, wheat, tobacco, hemp and stock, it will not be long until business will revive and the country be restored to its accustomed prosperity.

It was unfortunate that the delegates to the constitutional convention could not have been chosen at some other time than the August election, when so many offices were to be filled. The temptation to swap votes was such as to seriously embarrass the choice of a fit man to represent the people in the important matter of the formation of the organized law of the land. In an excited race for constable, sheriff or magistrate, the friends of the various candidates would not hesitate to swap off the ablest man that could be presented for delegate to the convention, if necessary to the success of the one they were anxious to elect. The result of it has been, with a few honorable exceptions, the selection of a body of men who do not seem to understand or realize the objects and purposes for which they have been chosen. The impression prevails that the document that will ultimately be put forth will be so enormous and inconsistent as to render its adoption by the people a matter of considerable doubt. With scarcely an exception, every man you now meet asks this question: "Why did they not take the present constitution, eliminate the slavery cause and whatever objectionable features it contained, remodel the courts, if necessary, and submit the document to the people and go home?" This, they think, could have been accomplished in one month after the organization of the convention. As it is, they act as though they were bound to consider every conceivable subject and intended to hamper the legislature of the State by restrictions that seem incredible.



HON. THOMAS W. VARNON

## Dies Suddenly and Painlessly on the Night of the 24th.

"Judge Varnon is dead!" were the first words we heard as we came down town Christmas morning and not being aware that he had been sick we were inexpressibly shocked at the intelligence. He was on the street a day or two before and seemed in his usual health as he greeted his friends in his accustomed happy way. Tuesday night he was attacked with what he thought a pain in the stomach and next morning he was similarly attacked. In expectation of having another Wednesday night, he sent for Dr. Bailey, who came and sat with him a few hours. The time having passed for the attack, the judge remarked that he believed the doctor had scared it away and as there were no indications of it, Dr. Bailey left for his home. About 9 o'clock a messenger was sent for him to return and on his arrival he found the judge to be suffering terribly, apparently with neuralgia of the stomach. He gave him a hypodermic injection of morphia and applied the usual remedies, when the patient became easier and said that the pain seemed to have gone from everywhere except a place about the size of his hand on his left side. Dr. Bailey started to try to relieve that, but just then the judge gave a couple of short gasps and almost in a twinkling the vital spark had been extinguished and Judge Varnon's earthly career was ended. Neuralgia of the heart had done the work.

There are few men who were more beloved by his countrymen than Judge Varnon and few who have been more honored by them than he. He never asked any thing of them that they did not gladly give and it used to be a boast of his that no man ever did or ever could defeat him before the people. Born at Millersburg, Bourbon county, January 8th, 1816, Thomas W. Varnon was educated in the local schools and studied law at Transylvania. He began the practice in 1840 at Paris and continued it after his removal to Stanford in 1846, two years after his marriage to Miss Eliza J. Crile, of Madison county. Taking an active interest in the material and political interests of the county from the start, he was elected to the legislature in 1850 and since then he has served five sessions in the Senate and House, being chosen speaker pro tem, of both. He was always on the most important committees and took a leading part in all general legislation.

He was a member of the legislature which put the present constitution into operation and in the 12 years oil and on that he spent in the House of Representatives, he was able to secure the passage of many laws, which have proved of great benefit. He was for general amnesty after the war and to him is due much of the conservative legislation that led Kentucky out of the perils of military usurpation and brought peace, order and equal rights to all.

Originally a whig, he embraced know-nothingism when it swept over the country and afterwards attached himself to the union or third party. In 1864 he was a delegate to the convention which nominated McClellan and Pendleton and could himself have obtained the second place on the ticket, but declined because he thought that a man from the other side of the Ohio ought to be chosen. Since he became a democrat he has been the truest of the true and the party has always delighted to honor him. He was chosen to fill the vacancy in the county judgeship occasioned by the death of Judge Brown and since then has been three times elected to the office by an admiring constituency. In all his official career he was faithful to every obligation and shirked no duty that devolved on him.

Judge Varnon had been a widower some 30 years, his wife having died after bearing him three children, two of whom survive, Miss Mary Varnon and Wallace E. Varnon. Between the three there was an affection that was as strong as it was beautiful. It was indeed a happy family and the shock which the rude hand of death gave it is terrible to contemplate. No man ever entertained a higher respect for a father than Wallace did and the love between the two was very marked. The sympathy of hundreds of

heart is with him and Miss Mary in the affliction that has come upon them, but God alone can give consolation.

A loving father, a warm friend, an upright jurist, a worthy citizen and a true christian, the whole county joins in sorrow at his loss and sighs to feel that his warm hand grasp and cherry words of greeting shall be known no more. A good man has gone to his reward, leaving us the rich legacy of an honorable and blameless example, which should sink deep in every heart.

The funeral hour was fixed for Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, but owing to the wretched weather it was considerably delayed. The body under the escort of the Masons was conveyed to the Christian church, where Rev. W. L. Williams preached a most appropriate sermon from 21 Timothy, 1st chapter and 1st part of the 12th verse. There was always a fast friendship between the two and it was by the judge's especial request that Mr. Williams was chosen for the service. The sermon over, the Masons again took charge of the body and at the vault consigned the remains of their loved brother to dust in the beautiful service fixed for such occasions. The active pall bearers were Messrs. M. C. Sanley, J. W. Alcorn, W. G. Welch, W. H. Miller, R. C. Warren and J. B. Paxton, and the honorary pall bearers Messrs. T. P. Hill, D. W. Vandever, T. W. Miller, H. S. Withers, P. M. McRoberts, S. H. Shanks, J. P. Bailey, W. F. McClary, T. D. Newland, G. B. Cooper, W. M. Bright and S. M. Owens.

## ACTION OF THE MASON.

The Masons met in Lodge of Sorrow, Saturday morning, when Worshipful Master G. D. Hopper appointed A. R. Penny, S. M. Owens and W. P. Walton a committee to draft suitable resolutions and they presented the following, which was adopted, after which the lodge marched in a body to Judge Varnon's residence and escorted the remains to the church and thence to the cemetery, where the rites of the order were solemnized.

WHEREAS it has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to call from labor to rest our brother, Thos. W. Varnon, who had worthily worn the insignia of our order for near 50 years, he it resolved by the officers and members of Lincoln Lodge No. 50, A. Y. M.:

1. That in the death of Brother Varnon Masonry has lost a shining exemplar, this lodge a well-beloved member, society a useful and eminent citizen, and each of us a revered and trusted friend. We desire to place permanently in the archives of our order this estimate of his character and with it an expression of our profound sorrow at his death.

2. That the members of this lodge are requested to wear for the period of 30 days the usual badge of mourning, that these resolutions be placed by the secretary upon the minutes of this meeting, and a copy furnished by him to the bereaved family and to the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* for publication.

## ACTION OF THE BAR.

At a meeting of the Stanford Bar and the officers of the Lincoln county courts on the 27th day of December, 1890, Col. T. P. Hill was elected chairman and J. B. Paxton secretary. Thereupon W. G. Welch, J. W. Alcorn and M. C. Sanley were appointed a committee on resolutions and afterwards reported the following:

The members of the bar and the officers of the courts of Lincoln county, called together by the recent unexpected death of Thomas W. Varnon, judge of the Lincoln county court, and desirous not only to express their unfeigned sorrow over the event, but to bear testimony also, with such adequacy as a memorial occasion may afford, to the sterling worth of their associate and friend, do adopt and declare these resolutions:

1. An upright, just and good man has gone to his last account. A landlord and honored presence has vanished forever from the walks and ways of men. In a serene and beautiful old age, an old age in which were preserved and kept green to a singular degree the unchilled faith and the elastic spirit of youth, in the full possession of all his faculties and in the full possession, too, of the confidence and the affectionate respect of the people among whom he had lived, he has passed painlessly and quietly away.

Col. Thomas W. Varnon was born in Bourbon county, Ky., within a few days of 75 years ago. In his early manhood, almost 50 years since, he came to Lincoln county, and among us the remainder of his life was spent. He had been a member of the Kentucky bar more than half a century. He had represented his adoptive county in five General Assemblies of the State, four times in the Lower House and once in the Senate. Three he had been elected judge of the Lincoln county court and died in the occupancy of that position. In this long, active and useful life he never did a dishonorable act, nor a doubtful one. Even in the heat of political strife he never struck an unfair blow, nor cherished a moment's after-resentment to an adversary. A brave, simple, modest gentleman, his ideals were so high, his honor

so true, his loyalty so steady that there is scarcely a social circle in Kentucky to which the tidings of his death will not bring a shock of sorrow. In very truth, death, whose summons has come of late to so many of our best and truest, in all his busy circuit has still no kinder, truer nor gentler heart than this. This tribute in sober truth and sincerity we lay upon his grave.

II. The courts of record of Lincoln county are requested to place this minute upon their order books, the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* newspaper is requested to give it publication and the secretary of the meeting is directed to furnish a copy to the surviving members of the family.

On motion the resolutions were adopted, and after reading and appropriate addresses the meeting adjourned.

T. P. HILL, Ch'n.  
J. B. PAXTON, Sec'y.

The Paris Kentuckian in recording the death gives this family history: Of the eleven brothers and sisters of Judge Varnon, only two are living—B. E. Varnon, of this city, and Mrs. John Lair, of Cincinnati. He leaves two children—Miss Mary and Wallace, of Stanford. Mr. Varnon always delighted in telling of his two grand-fathers, Varnon and Thompson, serving in the revolutionary war.

The picture from which the cut of Judge Varnon is made was taken many years ago and was the only one that could be obtained, as he had not had a photograph taken for long time.

## MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—James Crabtree and Miss Martha Davis, each 18 years of age, were married on the 26th at the bride's father's, on Seal's Creek.

—Frederick Allmen and Miss Matilda Gruenigen, both recently from Switzerland, obtained marriage license Friday and will wed on Thursday next.

—Eld. J. Q. Montgomery, says the Columbia Spectator, officiated at a double marriage in Adair last week—H. O. Munrell to Miss Nannie Montgomery and Virgil Epperson to Miss Patsie Montgomery.

—Mr. Charles W. Westerfield, of Harrodsburg, and Miss Stella, daughter of Mr. G. S. Jones, of this place, were married Tuesday by Dr. H. Glass. They left immediately for Cincinnati for a brief wedding tour.—Somerset Reporter.

—Dr. J. T. Morris, who recently moved from West Virginia to the Maywood section and who has been practicing his profession since, was married to the Portman House Christmas day to Miss Emma Lee, the pretty daughter of Mrs. D. L. Stephenson.

—This office acknowledges with thanks an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Timie, the pretty daughter of Judge S. M. Boone, of Somerset, to Mr. D. J. Gregory of Danville, on Wednesday, 7th. The happy couple will take a bridal tour of a couple of weeks and be at their new home in Richmond, Va., after the 20th.

—To day at noon Miss Mittie Crow and Mr. J. H. Moulin will be united in marriage at Mr. O. J. Crow's and leave at once for the groom's home in Hardin county, where he is a highly respected young farmer. Miss Mittie is a very lovely young lady and has long been one of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*'s especial favorites. She is not only handsome in face and figure, but she is possessed of a mind and a heart that will make her a jewel to any man. We congratulate the fortunate groom and wish both of them all the happiness that earth can bestow.

## CRAB ORCHARD.

—Miss Alice Moore gave a birthday party Saturday night, the 27th. The many who attended report an excellent time.

—The parties around through the neighborhood during the holidays have afforded the young folks much enjoyment.

—The Christmas tree at the Baptist church was a success. It was laden with many beautiful presents and every one enjoyed himself. Prof. Smith gave a short talk and led in prayer and the talk by Hon. W. O. Hanson was full of enthusiasm, showing his love for dear old Crab Orchard, the place of his birth.

—Miss Mary Parrish left for Cincinnati Saturday, where she will spend a week or two with her aunt, Mrs. M. Livingston. Mr. Curtis Egbert, who is an employee of J. Bacon & Sons, Louisville, is spending the holidays with his father and mother. J. S. Edmiston, who has been clerking for D. G. Slaughter, that prince of merchants, is at home for a few days. Mr. John Lawson and family, of Louisville, who have been the guests of Mr. J. L. Stephens, have returned home. Henry Miller, of Hazel Patch, is spending the Christmas with old friends here. Miss Anna McClure, who has been visiting at Paint Lick, has returned, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Lula McClure. Misses Mollie Brooks and Alma Miller went to Mt. Vernon to take Christmas dinner with friends. Mr. Will Carson accompanied Miss Nellie Yantis as far as Lebanon Junction, on her way to Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Walter Benzley, who has been attending a dental school at Indianapolis, is here for the holidays.

## The Old Reliable Jeweler in the Lead.



## A. R. Penny

Has the largest and MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Watches and Jewelry

ever shown in Stanford at prices as low as the lowest.

Remember that I have one of the best watch-makers in the State, who can do anything in Watch or Jewelry Repairing. Don't have to send jobs to the city. Engraving of all kinds beautifully done. Old gold and silver taken at market price. Your trade and work is solicited and I guarantee satisfaction.

A. R. PENNY.

## ELECTION NOTICE.

An election for Directors for the Farmers Bank & Trust Co., Stanford, Ky., will be held at said Bank office January 7, 1891.

Bank office January 7, 1891.

J. B. OWSELEY, Cashier.

## STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Louisville will be held at their banking house in Louisville the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

## STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Louisville will be held at their banking house in Louisville the second Tuesday in January, 1891, which is the 13th, for the purpose of electing eleven Directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. SHERBROOKS, Cashier.

## FOR SALE.

A Jewel Buckden Stallion; is a red sorrel and in his 4th year; a combined refter, very stylish, is second level; is dam, Lillie Buckden, she by Buckshot, he by Imp. Buckden; 2d dam Bay Dick mare; 3d dam Gray Eagle.

E. C. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

## WELL BORING.

I am well prepared to bore wells and will do the work in a good manner and promptly.

At One Dollar a Foot.

Call on or address me at Stanford, Kentucky.

L. T. SMITH.

## FOR RENT.

Having leased the Menetee Stable, I now offer my NEW STABLE on Lancaster street for rent. It has ten large Box Stalls and is the very best place in the county for a Jack and Horse stand for the coming season. A large kitchen at the door. Call on or address.

A. T. NUNNELLY, Stanford.

## Articles of Incorporation

See 1. The undersigned, Christian Gooch, D. O. Gooch, Nathan Singleton, W. R. Reynolds, G. T. Gooch, citizens of Lincoln county, Ky., have this day associated ourselves together as a corporation, under the provisions of Chapter 50 of the General Statutes of Kentucky, under the name of the Olive Cemetery Company at Olive, Lincoln county, Ky.

See 2. The general nature of the business of this corporation shall be to acquire real and personal property by purchase, gift, devise or in any other way, and to sell, convey and dispose of the same by sale or mortgage or otherwise; said property to be used for Cemetery purposes only.

See 3. The amount of capital stock authorized to be issued in the name of the corporation shall consist of not more than two hundred (200) shares of the value of one dollar (\$1) each, the same to be paid in at the time and place of the organization of this Company.

See 4. The business of said corporation shall begin on the 1st day of October, 1890, and shall continue in business for twenty-five years.

See 5. The affairs of said corporation shall be conducted by a Board of Directors, composed of not less than five stockholders, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. Said Directors shall be elected annually by the stockholders.

See 6. The highest amount of indebtedness of this corporation shall be one-half of the paid up capital stock.

See 7. The private property of the shareholders shall be exempt from the debts and liabilities of the corporation.

See 8. The Board of Directors shall have power to make and adopt such by-laws and regulations as they may deem proper, and by said by-laws may remove such officers as may be necessary to carry on the business of said corporation and shall prescribe the duties of same. They may prescribe in and by laws the mode of appointing and removing officers, and provide for the filling of vacancies in said offices or in the Board of Directors, and may prescribe the compensation for any of said officers for their services.

See 9. Any one may become a member of this corporation by subscribing for one or more shares. See 10. This Company shall have power to receive donations by gift or by will or any other way and to loan sums, provided the borrower shall give security by mortgage or any other safe method of security. The principal of said fund can never be used, but the interest can be used for Cemetery purposes.

In testimony of the foregoing, we, the undersigned, have hereunto subscribed our respective names. This Nov 7, 1890.

CHRISTIAN GOOCH,  
D. O. GOOCH,  
NATHAN SINGLETON,  
G. T. GOOCH,  
W. R. REYNOLDS.

## RICHARD C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for Auditor of the State of Kentucky, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

## Farm For Sale.

I offer for sale privately the Henry Hester farm of 60 acres of bottom land on Dix River; 21 acres sown in wheat up and all right balance in grass. The dwelling has 6 rooms; there is a new barn, good well, fine orchard and fencing nearly new. Terms, half cash, balance in one and two years, with interest. It not sold will be for rent. Possession given January 1, 1891.

J. W. ADAMS, Stanford, Ky.

## THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL

J. B. OWENS, Manager.

Harrodsburg, - Kentucky.

I have taken charge of this popular hotel and intend to run it in a first class manner in every respect. It is being papered and painted from top to bottom, the bedding is being renovated and everything done in a neat, pleasant and comfortable for guests. The table shall be well supplied by hotels in this section.

J. B. OWENS.

## Farm For Sale.

I desire to sell my farm of about 130 acres, situated about 12 miles north of Stanford on the Rush Branch pike, opposite the old church. There are about 20 acres in wheat and rye; the balance of the farm well set in timothy. Good dwelling of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid new barn; is well watered and fenced. Possession can be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P. Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at Cincinnati, Ohio.

E. WITKERS.

## POSTED.

This notice forbids hunters, fishermen and others not to trespass on our lands without permission, as all such will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Signed:

B. W. GAINES, J. D. MCKINNEY,  
Mrs. SAMUEL IRWIN, JOHN G. LYNN,  
Mrs. ALICE TUCKER, J. S. BAILLOU,  
THOS. C. BAILL, W. A. HAMILTON,  
M. C. REYNOLDS, I. S. PHILLIPS,  
L. BECK, Mrs. ALICE J. BAUGHMAN,  
F. M. WALKER, Mrs. H. COOPER,  
W. A. COFFEY, Mrs. M. A. MARTIN,  
ROBERT BARNETT, J. E. BRUCE,  
W. F. GRIMES.

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Twenty miles the Shortest to

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Making direct connections in Central Union depot for

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New Orleans, baggage, cars, smoking cars and

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on change via Chattanooga, Birmingham, Meridian, making direct connections on route for Knoxville, Asheville, Lynchburg and points in the

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At Chattanooga for Atlanta, Columbus, Wilmington, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville and FLORIDA points.

The only line running solid trains with choice Pullman Rounder or Palace Sleeping Cars to Jacksonville without change for any class of passengers or baggage.

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Shortest and quickest to Annapolis, Selma, Mobile. Direct connections made at NEW ORLEANS without omnibus transfer for Galveston, Houston, Austin.

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Not many papers in Kentucky or any other place can say what the Richmond Register does—that in an existence of 21 years it has never missed an issue or been over 4 hours late in coming out. And then there are not many papers in Kentucky or elsewhere like the Register for general excellence and solid reliability.

## NEWS CONDENSED

ved. The young ladies who make up <sup>or</sup> For

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# PATENTS

Oppenheim, Daniel, 1999, *Philosophy of Language*, 2nd ed. (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press).

# CASTORIA



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Mail train going North 11:50 a. m.

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Local Freight North 11:50 p. m.

The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 30 minutes faster.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1909.

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Town Lots, Coal, Iron and Timber Lands bought or sold on Commission. Correspondence solicited.

## NEW SAW MILL.

I have finished my new Saw Mill on the Somerset pike, 7 miles from Stanford and am prepared to furnish any kind of LUMBER, SHINGLES, etc., at LOWEST PRICES. I will sell the lumber at the mill or deliver, to suit purchasers. Give me a trial. Postoffice, MAYWOOD, KY.

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THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR

## PILES

SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, WOUNDS, BURNS,

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PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE,

FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH,

AND NURSERY PURPOSES.

TAR-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

For sale by A. R. Penny and M. L. Bourne, Stanford.



IF YOU WANT

## GOOD BREAD

AND A HAPPY COOK, USE

## CREAM FLOUR

MADE BY

LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS

COMPANY,

LEXINGTON, KY.

## A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

The world is full of mystery,  
Which no one understands;  
What is before our eyes we see  
The work of ungodly hands;  
But whence and when and why they wrought  
Escapes the grasp of human thought.There was a time when we were not,  
And there will be again,  
When we must cease and be forgot,  
With all our joy and pain—  
Gone like the wind, or like the snow  
That fell a thousand years ago.We live as if we should not die,  
Blindly, but wisely, too;  
For if we knew that death was nigh  
What would we say or do,  
But fold our arms and close our eyes,  
And care no more who lives or dies?If death to each man in his turn  
Is coming soon or late,  
Be ours the soldier's unconcern,  
And his courageous fate;  
Better to perish in the strife  
Than to preserve the coward's life.New Year, if you were bringing youth,  
I would not have it back; in sooth,  
I have no strength to wage  
Last battles over. Let them be;  
Bury your dead, O memory!You can bring nothing will surprise,  
And nothing will dismay,  
No tears again in these old eyes,  
No darkness in my day,  
You might bring light and smiles instead  
If you could give me back my dead.I have beheld your kin, New Year,  
Full fifty times, and none  
That was so happy, and so dear,  
I weep when it is done,  
Why should we weep when years depart,  
And leave their ashes in the heart?Good-bye, since you are gone, Old Year,  
And my past life, good-bye;  
I shed no tear upon your bier,  
For it is well to die.  
New Year, your worst will be my best—  
What can an old man want but rest?

—Richard Henry Stoddard in Philadelphia Ledger.

## THE WRECK.

It was the 31st of December. I had breakfasted with my old friend George Garin. The servant brought him a letter covered with foreign stamps.

"You allow me?" George asked.

"Certainly."

And he began to read the eight pages closely covered with an English hand.

He read slowly and with serious attention; with the interest you take in that which touches you. Then he placed the letter upon the mantel and said:

That is a strange adventure of which I never told you; sentimental, however, and which happened to me. That was a singular New Year's day. It was twenty years ago. I was 30 then, and am 50 now. I was inspector of the insurance company of which I am now president. I was preparing to spend New Year's day in Paris, as it is the custom to make a holiday of it, when I received a letter from one of the directors ordering me to leave immediately for the island of Re, where a three decker from St. Nazaire, insured by us, was wrecked.

It was 8 o'clock in the morning. By 10 I was at the office for instructions, and that night I took the train and reached La Rochelle next morning, the 31st of December. I had two hours in which to visit the city before sailing for Re, and spent them admiring the old, severe architecture, its crooked streets, the sidewalks covered with arcades, not unlike the Rue Rivoli, but lower, darker and more mysterious, that seem built for a scene of conspirators; the old and striking scenery of the religious wars, wars both savage and heroic.

When I left La Rochelle it was one of those dark, oppressive days, crushing thought, depressing the heart; a cold, gray day, darkened by a heavy fog, wet as rain, cold as ice, noisome as the smell of a sewer. Under this ceiling of low and sinister fog the yellow sea was without movement, without life, a sea of muddy, greasy, stagnant water. The Jean Ginton slid upon it, rolling slightly from habit, cutting the thick, smooth sheet and leaving behind a few waves which quickly subsided.

I began talking to the captain, a small man, as round and well balanced as his boat. I wanted to learn the details of the accident I was going to investigate, and which I correctly inferred he would be able to furnish me. We were in the meantime sailing along the island of Re. Extending his hand he pointed out a small speck in the mist of the sea and said, "There is the vessel." "The Marie Joseph?" I asked. "Yes," I was astounded. The speck was fully three miles from shore. I resumed, "But, captain, there must be twenty feet of water there." He laughed. "Not two feet, I tell you. It is high tide now at 9 o'clock. Go along the beach after breakfasting and I promise that at 3 o'clock you will reach the wreck with dry feet; you will have two hours to spend there, but no more, by the way, or you would be caught by the tide. The further the tide recedes the faster it returns. This coast is as flat as a bedbug."

I thanked the captain and went forward to watch the little city of St. Martin, which we were rapidly approaching. The city resembles all those miniature ports which serve as capitals for the small islands fringing the continent. It is a large fishing village with one foot on water and one on land; supporting life on fish and chickens, vegetables and shell fish, radishes and mussels. It is low, but little cultivated, though thickly populated.

After breakfasting I crossed a small promontory; then, as the tide was going out, I continued across the sands in the direction of a large black spot, far away. I walked fast on this yellow plain, as elastic as flesh and seeming to sweat under my feet. A minute ago the sea was here; now I could no longer distinguish the line separating the sand from the ocean.

The Atlantic had disappeared like a scene down the trap door of a theatre, and now I walked in the midst of a desert. Only the salt smell remained; the smell of sea weed, the smell of the wave, the good and pungent smell of the coast. I walked fast and looked at the wreck, which increased in size as I approached and now appeared like an immense whale.

It seemed to start from the ground, and on the yellow and extended plain took gigantic proportions. She lay upon one side, split, broken, showing like the ribs of an animal her broken bones, her bones of tarred wood pierced with immense nails. The sand had invaded her and held and possessed her, and would never let her go. She appeared to have taken root in the sand. The bow was deeply imbedded in the soft and treacherous bottom, while the stern seemed to throw against the sky, like a despairing cry for help, the words Marie Joseph written in white on a dark ground.

I climbed on this corpse of a ship on the lowest side, and, once on deck, went inside. The sun, entering through the open portholes and cracks in her side, lightened sadly these long, dark caverns filled with broken woodwork.

I commenced taking notes upon the condition of the vessel. I sat upon an empty, broken barrel and wrote by the light entering a slit, through which I saw the limitless extension of beach. A shudder, born of the cold and solitude, ran through me from time to time, and I stopped writing occasionally to listen to the vague noises of the wreck, the noise of the crabs scratching the cordage with their crooked claws; of the numerous tiny animals of the sea already devouring this dead body; to the soft and regular sound of the shipworm gnawing the woodwork.

Suddenly I heard voices near me. I started up. I thought for an instant I was in the presence of some drowned wretch who wanted to tell me of his death. I quickly climbed on deck and saw a tall gentleman with three ladies. They were even more startled than I at seeing me emerge upon the deck of the abandoned vessel. The youngest of the three rushed off; the others caught their father's arm; as to him, he opened his mouth, the only sign of emotion he showed. After a second he spoke.

"You must be the owner of this ship?"

"Yes," "Can I visit her?" "Yes," He murmured a few words of thanks, and seeing he was looking for a place to climb I showed him the easiest, and assisted him up. He joined me and then we helped the young girls.

They were charming, particularly the eldest, a blonde of eighteen, as fresh as a rose; so delicate, so dainty. Really English women are like sea fruits. That one looked as if she might have sprung from the sand, and her hair had retained its color. They remind me, with their exquisite freshness, of delicate pink shells of mother of pearl, beautiful and mysterious, born in the depths of the ocean.

She spoke French more fluently than her father and acted as interpreter. I had to give the history of the wreck; many of the details I invented as if I had assisted at the catastrophe. Then the whole family went below. When they reached the gloomy gallery they took out their sketch books and began to draw the scene.

The eldest daughter while working spoke to me, and I learned that they had come from Biarritz expressly to see the wreck. They had none of the English haughtiness. They were simple enthusiasts; some of those eternal wanderers with which England covers the globe.

The father, tall and wiry, his red face framed in white whiskers, a living sand-wich, a slice of ham fashioned into a face between two pads of hair. The daughters little growing stills, thin also, except the eldest; pretty all three, particularly the eldest. She had such a quaint way of speaking, of laughing, of understanding and not understanding, of raising her eyes to question mine, eyes as blue as deep water; of interrupting her drawing to guess, of resuming her work, of saying yes and no, that I could have staid there forever listening and looking.

After awhile she exclaimed, "I hear a noise." I listened and distinguished a slight sound, unusual and continuous. What was it? I rose to look through a crack and gave a loud cry. The sea was upon us. In no time we would be surrounded. We were on deck in an instant. It was too late. The water encompassed us and was rushing toward shore with great rapidity. The Englishman wished to rush forward. I held him back; flight was impossible on account of the deep pools that we had to avoid in coming, and into which we would probably fall in attempting to return. It was a moment of horrible agony. Then the young English girl exclaimed, "We are the ones who are wrecked!" I wanted to laugh, but I was strangled by fright; a cowardly, awful fright, low and treacherous. And this time, I realized all the danger of our position and wanted to cry for help. To whom?

The youngest girls covered against their father, who in consternation watched the boundless sea around us.

And night was coming as rapidly as the tide; a heavy, damp darkness. We remained there half an hour, an hour, I hardly know how long, looking at the yellow water which thickened and boiled and played upon the conquered beach.

One of the girls complained of the cold, and we thought we would go for protection against the light but cold breeze which stung our faces. I leaned over the trap door. The ship was full of water and we were obliged to crouch against the stern, which gave us some protection. Night was now upon us and we drew closer together, surrounded by water and darkness. I felt the shoulder of the young English girl, whose teeth chattered at times, tremble against mine. I also felt the soft warmth of her body, and that warmth was to me as delicious as a kiss. We no longer spoke; we were motionless, silent, crouching like animals in a ditch during a storm.

And somehow, in spite of all; in spite of the darkness, in spite of the terrible and growing danger, I commenced to feel happy. I being there, happy at the cold and danger, at the long hours of agony to be passed on these planks, so near that pretty delicate English girl. I wondered why this sensation of joy penetrated me. Why? Who can say? Was it because she was there? Who was she? A little unknown English girl. I did not love her. I did not know her, and yet I felt touched, conquered. I would have given my life for hers.

The presence of a woman can so upset us! Is it the power of beauty which envelops us? the allurement of youth that like wine makes us drunk? Or is it a touch of Love, the mysterious, who tries without cessation to unite two people? that tries his power as soon as he has brought man and woman together and penetrates them with an emotion, subtle and profound, as one moistens the earth to make flowers grow?

The silence of the darkness became frightful, and the silence of the heavens, for we heard around us the monotonous wash of the sea against the side of the ship. After awhile I heard a sob. The smallest of the girls was crying and her father tried to console. They spoke in English. I turned to my neighbor.

"Are you cold?" "Yes, very," I wanted her to take my cloak. She refused, but I had taken it off, and wrapped it around her against her wish. In the slight struggle her hand touched mine and sent a delightful thrill through me.

The wind had become sharper and the waves now broke with greater force against the sides of the ship. I raised myself up and felt a rush of air against my face. The wind was rising!

The Englishman noticed it at the same time and remarked, "That is bad."

It certainly was bad; it meant certain death if the waves, no matter how small, struck and shook the wreck, already so broken and disintegrated that the first large one would demolish it.

Then our agony increased from second to second with the rise of the wind. Now the waves broke and I saw in the darkness the white line of foam appear and disappear, while every wave shook the frame of the Marie Joseph with a shudder that reached us.

I felt the English girl tremble against me. I was conscious of a wild impulse to take her in my arms.

Before us, to right, to left, behind us the lighthouses were shining on the pastures—white, red, yellow; revolving, like eyes of giants looking at us, watching eagerly for our destruction. One of them in particular irritated me. That one was a perfect eye, opening and shutting its fiery pupil.

From time to time the Englishman struck a match to look at the hour; then he would replace his watch in his pocket. Suddenly he said aloud and with perfect seriousness, "Sir, I wish you a happy New Year."

It was midnight. I offered my hand, which he shook; then he said something in English to the girls, who began to sing "God Save the Queen." At first I felt like laughing; then I was seized by a strong, quaint emotion. There was something superb and sinister about this song of these wrecked people; something of prayer and awe greater and comparable to the "Ave Caesar, mortui et saluamini."

When the song was ended I asked my neighbor to sing alone, a ballad, anything she pleased, to help us forget our situation. She consented. Her fresh, pure voice rose upon the night. It was doubtless something sad as the notes lingered and rose slowly, like wounded birds, above the waves.

The sea had risen and now struck against the wreck. I thought of nothing but the voice and of the strains. My tortured spirit was lost in dreams. Was there not a siren, this girl who had kept me on this rotten boat, and who in a minute would be lulged with me?

We all now rolled violently upon the deck. The Marie Joseph had turned upon the other side. The English girl fell on me, and seizing her in my arms, madly and without knowing it, without understanding, believing this was our last second of life, I kissed her lips, her temples, her hair. The vessel no longer moved, nor did we.

Her father called Kate, and she answered yes, and tried to free herself from my arms. I wanted the boat to open; I wanted to die with her.

I rose slowly and perceived a light near us. I leaped out and was answered. It was a boat hunting for us, the proprietor of the hotel having guessed our predicament.

We were saved. I was in despair. We left the wreck and returned to St. Martin. The Englishman rubbed his hands and exclaimed, "What a supper we will eat." And we did. I was not gay. I regretted the Marie Joseph.

The next morning we separated, with many regrets and promises to write. They returned to Biarritz and I came very near following them.

I was hard hit and was near asking Kate in marriage. If we had remained longer together I certainly would have done so. How weak and incomprehensible man I am at times.

Two years passed without my hearing anything of them; then I received a letter from New York. She was married, and wrote to tell me. And since then we write to each other once a year, on the 1st of January. She speaks to me of her life, her children, her sisters, never of her husband. And I speak to her of the Marie Joseph. She is perhaps the only woman I ever loved—that I might have loved. Veils—does one ever know? Events carry us along—And then—then—everything fades—She must be old now—I would not know her—her of other days—her of the wreck—She writes me her hair is white. Mon dieu! that hurts me terribly—that blonde hair—No, there is not a trace of—How sad is all that.

—Translated from the French of M. Munpant for The New Orleans Picayune by Lak.

It Was a Mistake.

There is one young man connected with a prominent wholesale house who did not hire a carriage and make his usual round of calls on New Year's, 1890. He was in the store the day before when a friend called in.

"Hello, Brotherton; going to make any calls to-morrow?"

"No; can't," was the laconic reply.

"Can't? Why?"

"Well, you see Blanchard's going to be married to-morrow night, and I loaned him my dress suit without thinking. That's why. Guess I'll stay at home and smoke."—Chicago Herald.

## POSTED.

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